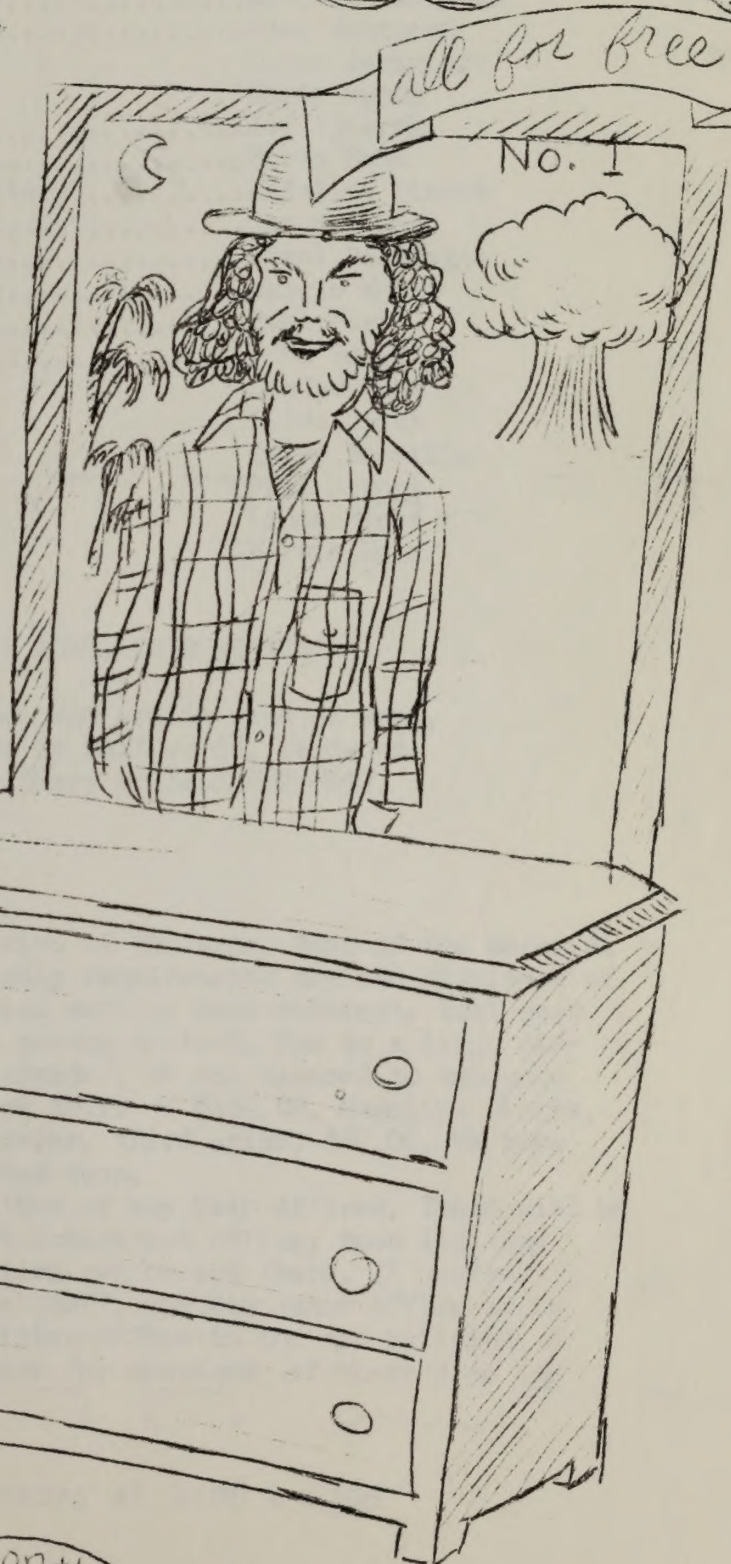
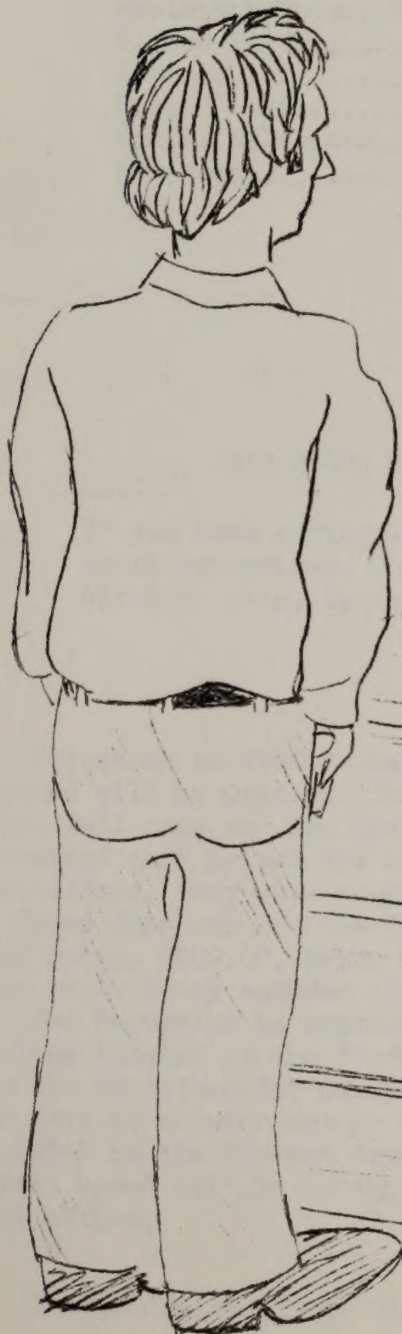
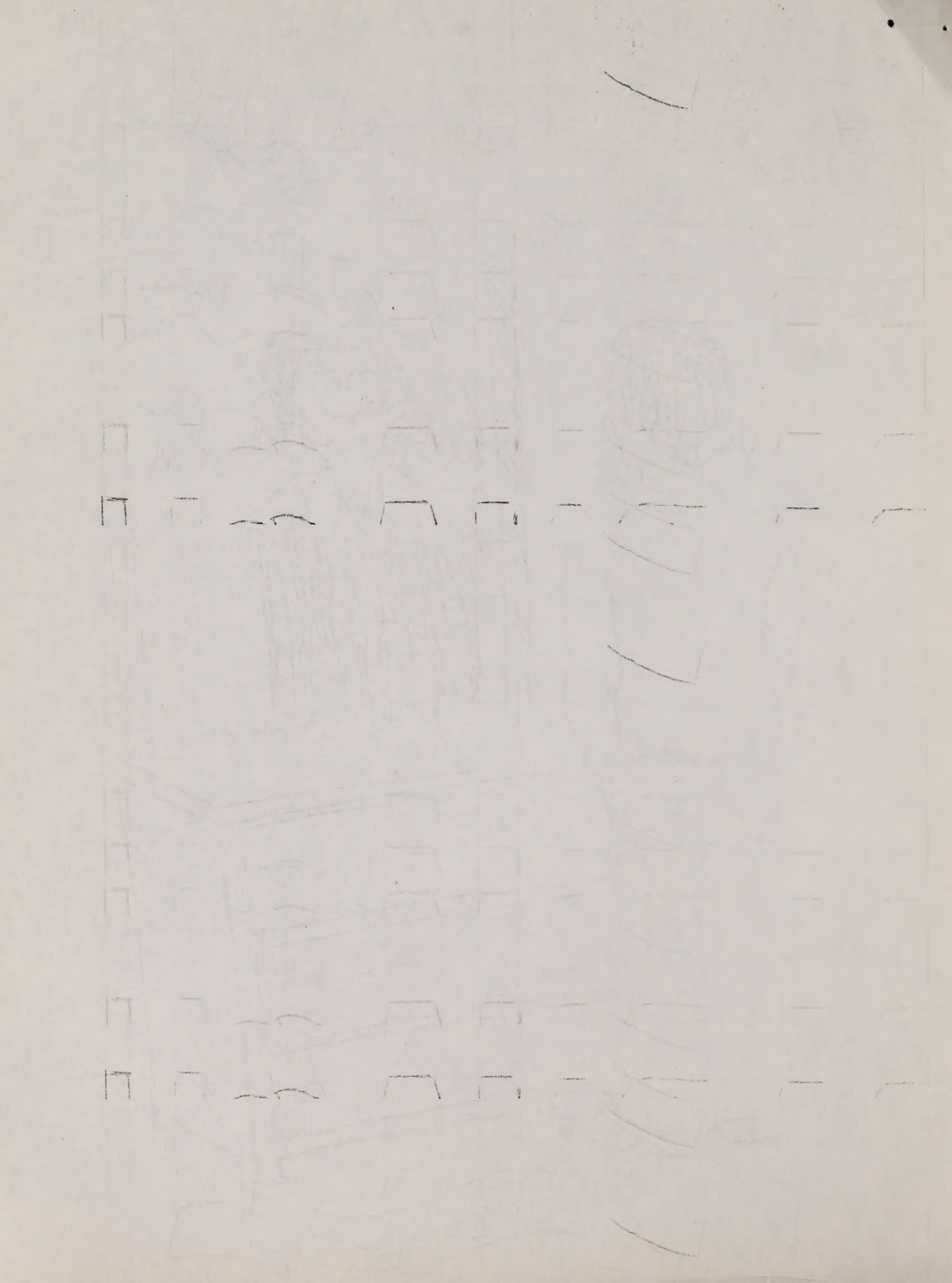


PARNASSUS

VOL. 8



This month:
"CHANGES"



VOL . 8 NO. 1 September 19, 1972

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Advisors.....	John Perillo Gladys Hamm Linda Gross Terry Barville Phil Jiroux Linda Kraus Bernie Horn

IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, COLD WINTER!

If you have a fireplace, and are in need of wood, check our prices. Cords or half cords. Hardwood, birch or pine. Contact Terry or call 682-8697.

Parnassus is NECCO's magazine of the arts. Most of the material submitted will be printed. The only requirements are the signature of authors full name and the material must be semi-coherent. Last year we promised cash prizes for our poetry contest. Due to a large misunderstanding, they were never awarded. We are pleased to announce that Steve Hahn has won the first prize of \$150.00. Madeline Dinges, second prize, \$100.00. Bruce Currier, third prize, \$50.00. We hope to see their money awarded to them soon.

The Parnassus is appreciative of any help offered. There will be a mailbox located in the Student Activities office, room 112. Any materials submitted for publication can be put there. If you're interested in helping out on the staff, the Parnassus office is in room 120-B in the Student Activities office in the gym building. A bulletin board will be on the door for messages if there's no one in the office.

Student Teachers meeting Thursday at 1:00 - C308

THE COURTSHIP OF JUPENDA

In the twilight of her face
The sea-fowl flies lowly above the country brook
The moonlight fails to follow where they go
And the summer swallow sleeps it will not look
Her daughter knee high in the prophesies
That silence the fears she will know
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
In the loft of this eve

Where meadows meet on a wire fence
The days I drift and you left through time I sift
I court without reason around your heart
Of your beauty and shames I tempt my mind with
The carnival Con-man I employ to be myself
On stage he steps falling apart
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
Close who knows only myself

Asphalt angels pave the path of love
Wheeling on wheels that steals the sorrow from your speed
The courtship crackles and sings like golden rings
My dreams are yellow the rest I cannot reach
The universe pauses like a child at play
Jupenda, it's me your seeing
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
From the barking bay I'm betrayed

She keeps the secret too lonely to steal
If the bootblack robber lives to take it captive
A suicide of wishes upon his stallion where her laughter springs
A journey of rooftops and new clocks she gives
Her gateway age guides the timeless way
And the beauty of blindness she brings
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
Curse the heart too silent to say

My solitude shouts the reckless want of love
The cloudy sometimes she always wears like glass gowns
Where imposters applaud the brittle steps.
And the rosy-fingered priest slips in his iron words
I vanished the veil to the face that I drown
That lies upon the sheets that have wept
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
Into mine they have crept

Today splashes against today
Has anyone seen me going inside from myself
Overnight parades of planets arrange halos of kisses
The virgin trade limits the footless spirit
Circling fleets of phantom-ships sink
On the unending edge where everything is missed
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
The warning of a broken link

Crystal cylinders of aftermath light
Lines of shadows intrude the morings interlude
Her vanilla voice and apple tree shade
Where lanterns lead where love secludes
Her daylight son frowns from the side roads
Where the bootless thief is now paid
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
Like the nightly shepherd that stole

In the magic tunnels of her future face
Where I enter daring to return but never will
In the someone stops who looks so much like me
Cobblers of sleep scribble my name on windmills
The penniless love that's used like thread
To close the light for no one to see
But the eyes, the eyes that watch
Thinking lovers who lie dead

Randy Bergerion

WOMEN

If you are interested in the women's movement, and want to write about it--
YOU CAN!

Parnassus now has a Women's Section. Don't be turned off by the title Women's Section. We hope that this will grow into a separate paper. A paper totally devoted to the women's movement. This depends on you! We want articles written by and for women who want to share their experiences as women. We want all of your ideas, comment, and suggestions.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN, YOU CAN WRITE ABOUT BEING A WOMAN!

We must increase consciousness about ourselves as women, build our movement, and begin to struggle collectively.

Contact Maggie White, Women's Editor, Parnassus.
Our office is in the Gym Building. Leave any material with a note with my name on it.

Sisterhood is Very Powerful!
Maggie White

charismatic

27 YEARS
THE NEWS...SO FAR

IRON CURTAIN

KOREA

McCARTHY

COLD WAR

U-2

C'OUPE D'ETAT

VIETNAM

BERLIN WALL

BAY OF PIGS

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY*

GUERRILLA WARFARE

MALCOLM X *

RICHARD SPECK

MARTIN LUTHER KING *

SKYJACK

ROBERT KENNEDY *

MAN ON MOON- 2BILLION STARVE

KENT STATE

JACKSON STATE

P.O.W.'S-NORTH VIETNAM

"TIGER CAGES"-SOUTH VIETNAM

BANGLA DESH

PENTAGON PAPERS

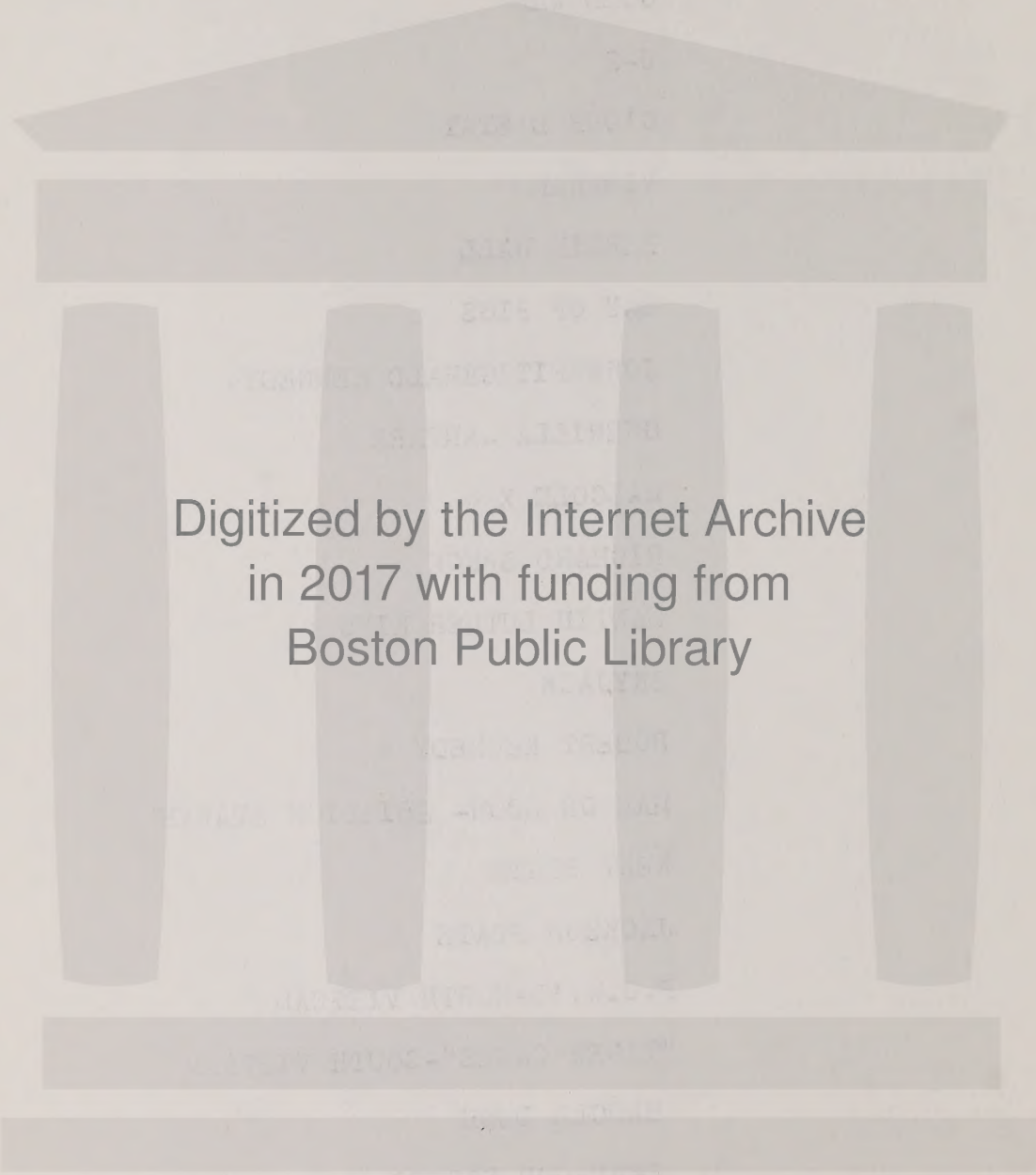
ATTICA

ARTHUR BREMER

WATERGATE

OLYMPIC ISRAELIS

LINDA GROSS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Boston Public Library

"6"

We are not getting any younger
The heat of youth is wilting
A wrinkle is produced

Will I stand entrenched in my shoes
clutching at the last flame?

See how I reminisce
In this way I hope to rekindle
Flames

Nostalgia is an oooh whence there is no
progression

Such is the justification
by
Thatcher Neilson

September Comes Again

As September comes again, I suggest that we put ourselves into a mountain setting for a moment, somewhere in New Hampshire or Maine, and look out over a lake that was probably filled to its present level ten thousand years ago. This might put the oncoming academic year into a little better perspective; it might make predicting the events of this next ten months a bit easier if we can consider them as part of the pattern of the past.

Predictions are easier to make when we can base them on man's recorded history, which is about the same ten thousand years it took the lake to fill to its present level of reflected beauty and usefulness. Now about halfway through this long span of time, the Beaker people arrived on Salisbury Plain, in England, and began to think about building that great stone observatory called Stonehenge. Then, somewhere between 2400 and 1900 B.C., they erected this ancient center of learning; it allowed their mathematicians to predict eclipses of the sun and moon and remove from their lives the terror-stricken nights when a comet streaked across the lonely, darkened sky.

For all we know, however, the Original Stonehenge may have been a misunderstanding. There may have been two quite different groups at work; one may have viewed this circle of massive stones as an alter to ancient Gods, while the other group may have seen
(cont.)

it as an observatory and a phase one computer to aide them in their learning about the endless cycle of nature as reflected in the certain movement of the stars in their galaxies. What we may never know is how long Stonehenge I served either purpose before it was abandoned. Today it maintains its lonely virgil as though waiting to be brought back into the company of man as he pursues his endless search for new truth.

Our new community college, serenely situated by the lake, may be a second Stonehenge. Not in the time it took to build, nor in the materials or the general architecture so much as in the reason it was built. We may, again, have two quite different groups looking at its future purposes. One group may see it as an altar of learning at which to hold in reverence ancient beliefs brought ever so slowly into the light of better understanding, the other group may see it as a means by which to chart the dark skies of man's social education.

We cannot say whether man's loneliness can be charted by coming together at this new center of learning, this Stonehenge II; we do not yet know how love is born nor as yet what causes it to die. It may well take another few centuries before we will have charted the terror-stricken nights of the young drug-addict, the run-away madness of open street living by hundreds of thousands in our nation's cities, or the new breed of vandals that smash what they cannot have or do not understand.

I would point out a single difference between the guidelines used by those who built Stonehenge I and any Stonehenge II. The Beaker peoples on Salisbury Plain were wise enough to follow the movement of the stars and the certainties of nature; the present groups seem caught between reverence for the past and the mistake of setting themselves up as stars and constellations by which the incoming student is to chart a course into the future. It would be as foolish to blindly to accept one course of action as the other. We are well acquainted with the worship of the past, and how to make use of the lessons that can be learned from some application of this knowledge in meeting present and future needs. We are less well acquainted with the group that say such an eternal mystery as sex is something the entering Freshman can have, anytime, anywhere, anyway they want it, with anybody who is willing. This leads me to believe that these individuals are trusting the judgement of their own loneliness, their own absorption with themselves as guiding lights, and they miss by a thousand years, even a thousand light years, what they hoped to do in helping others.

The concept of marriage and the conjugal family has never successfully been replaced. It wasn't among the Beaker peoples, and it has not been ever since. Casual sex, like Kleenex out of the easy-to-open, already perforated top of the box, has always been around, but for it to be recommended in the drop-in center pamphlets is hardly worthy of sixteen million dollars for Stonehenge II and thousands for faculty, staff and administration in the years that hopefully lie ahead.

(cont.)

(cont. September Comes Again)

This is why I put forth the idea that we may have built a second Stonehenge without really realizing it. This is why I am gravely concerned when we set ourselves up to replace the stars in the matter of so vital an area as social education. I am not ready to advise our incoming students when Sex is a Drag and when Sex is Cool; if this were the case we could all go to the Supermarket and solve this aspect of the education of the young for \$.30 a box.

Richard L. Mesle
Associate Professor
History and Government

I sat down on the bus next to a man reading a small novel-like magazine. He looked up and said, "Did you know that Joe has cerumenous glands in his ears?"

Slightly puzzled, and a little reluctant to engage in idle talk with a total stranger, who evidently had mastered the art of starting conversations, I said, "No I didn't."

"Well, son, ya' ought'a try readin' this here magazine. Tell ya' everythin' ya' shud ever wanna know. Like next month, they're gonna' run a special on Joe's balls."

"Beg your pardon?"

"Yep, and the month after that they're gonna run a special on Joe's ovaries."

"Oh, I see," I replied, and sensing the mental giantism of this man, I retorted, "What do you think about Franz Kafka?"

To which he replied, "Well, I'll tell ya'. I love all them German pastries, but the Doc says I can't have no more sweets, on account of my stomach."

Touchez!.

Tom Hellman

GIVE ME TIME

When I'm where I don't want to be
Give me time to hide
When I expect you to love me
Give me time to laugh
Please protect in me whatever might fall
Nothing is correct that reflects me at all
But your patient hours and a half

When star beams braid the night that's gone
Give me time to see
When I'm afraid of the worthless dawn
Lie me in your light
Please protect in me whatever might fall
Nothing is correct that reflects me at all
But your patient love and its height

When everyone deserts my name
You'll stay and find me
When my restless mouth treats you the same
Give me time to cry
Please protect in me whatever might fall
I'll cover the shadows that open my windows so small
Could you ever say the word good-bye?

When someone turns the meaningless page
Give me time to go back
When the room is as big as the wind
Give me time to look
Please protect in me whatever might fall
Everything matters whether it shatters or crawls
And will you give me back the time I took?

When I see things I don't want to see
I'll know I've cried before
When your touch is as light as the farthest night
Give me time to feel
Please protect in me whatever might fall
Nothing is correct that reflects me at all
But your patient hands that reveal

Randy Bergerion

This year, for the first time, the voters of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, will have the opportunity to vote for the Socialist Workers Party in the Presidential Elections.

In Massachusetts, which has one of the most reactionary set of election laws in the nation; the Socialist Workers Party recently undertook and successfully completed the largest petitioning drive in the state's history; collecting over 100,000 signatures to place their presidential, vice presidential and U.S. Senatorial candidates on the ballot.

The presidential candidate is Linda Jenness of Atlanta, Georgia, who won the nomination at the party's convention last year in Cleveland.

Linda was born in El Reno, Oklahoma but has been a resident of Georgia most of her life. Troubled by the social unrest in this country, she joined the Young Socialist Alliance in 1966. She served on the Vietnam Mobilization Committee, which organized the massive antiwar demonstrations of 1968 and 1969. In 1969, she was the Socialist Workers Party candidate for Mayor of Atlanta and in 1970, the party's candidate for Governor of Georgia, a campaign in which she received national attention.

This year, the Socialist Workers Party has truly blossomed into a national party, by obtaining ballot status in a majority of states. Linda has travelled to every state in the union during her campaign; building the independent mass movements so vital in the struggle for equality and social justice.

The Socialist Workers Party, unlike the two major capitalist parties is financed entirely by small donations from its supporters. Unlike the McGovern campaign, which has attempted to co-op all the independent mass movement by dragging them into the Democratic Party, the S.W.P. builds these movements, recognizing that it is vital that they survive and remain independent.

I therefore urge all of you who have been alienated by reactionary moves to the right by McGovern, to join us in building the Jenness-Pulley campaign and abandon the no-difference right-winged approach to politics offered by the Democratic and Republican Parties. For further information contact either Earl Camire or myself Earl Lord here on campus.

Letter to Hannah #2

How ironic Hannah, that
your sons, the white men
for whom you slew
 the red men
are ghosts now;
 and their city
is dying

they moved across
the continent like shadows,
fell upon a race like night,

sought gold and land
like birds of prey---
singing gospel hymns---

spread across the world
their nets
 of commerce
created department stores,

created a system
of lies more impeccable
than their philosophies,

believed for a time,
then lost belief,
search now for traces

of life
upon the moon.

Stephen Hahn
Sept. 7, 1972

"Likewise"

Impending Thunder

Melting heat

sweating neck

Stop.

Nothingness.

Ebony.

Trees sway in trepidation;

Clouds form a solidarity

Quietude no longer

Fantastic light changes all

Smashing rains wash away all of us too;

Melting heat

A temporary respite,

And the door keeps opening and closing.

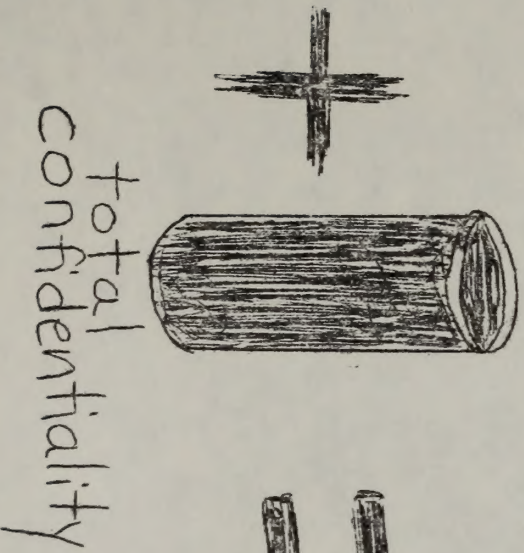
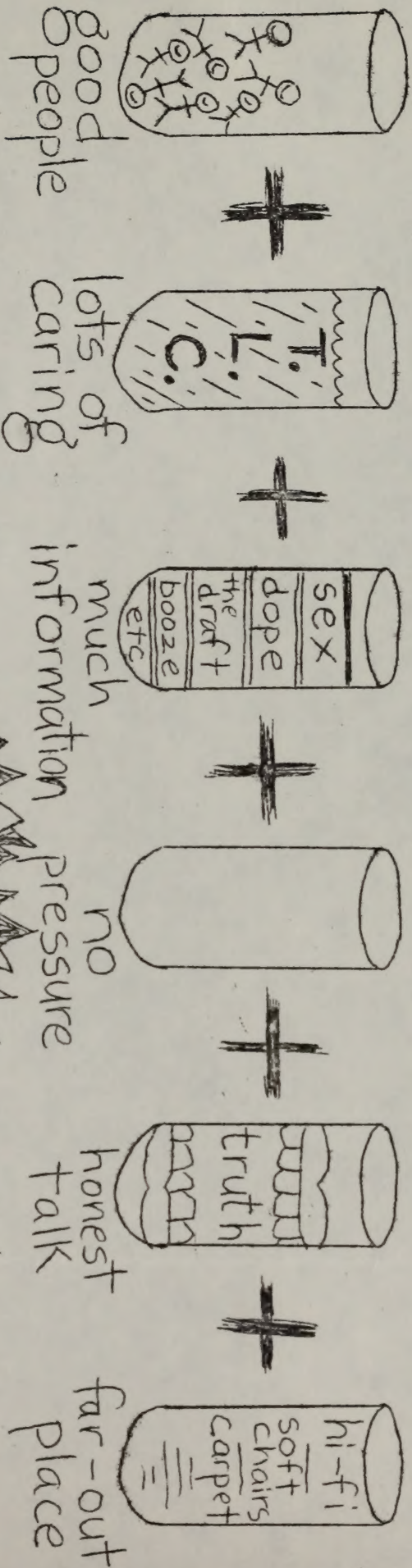
Thatcher Neilson

the drop-in center

Northern Essex Community College
Haverhill, Massachusetts

we really mean "drop-in"

BASEMENT of the LIBRARY ("A" Building)



a dynamite place to come to if you have ANY hassles, need some facts or just want someone to rap with

